

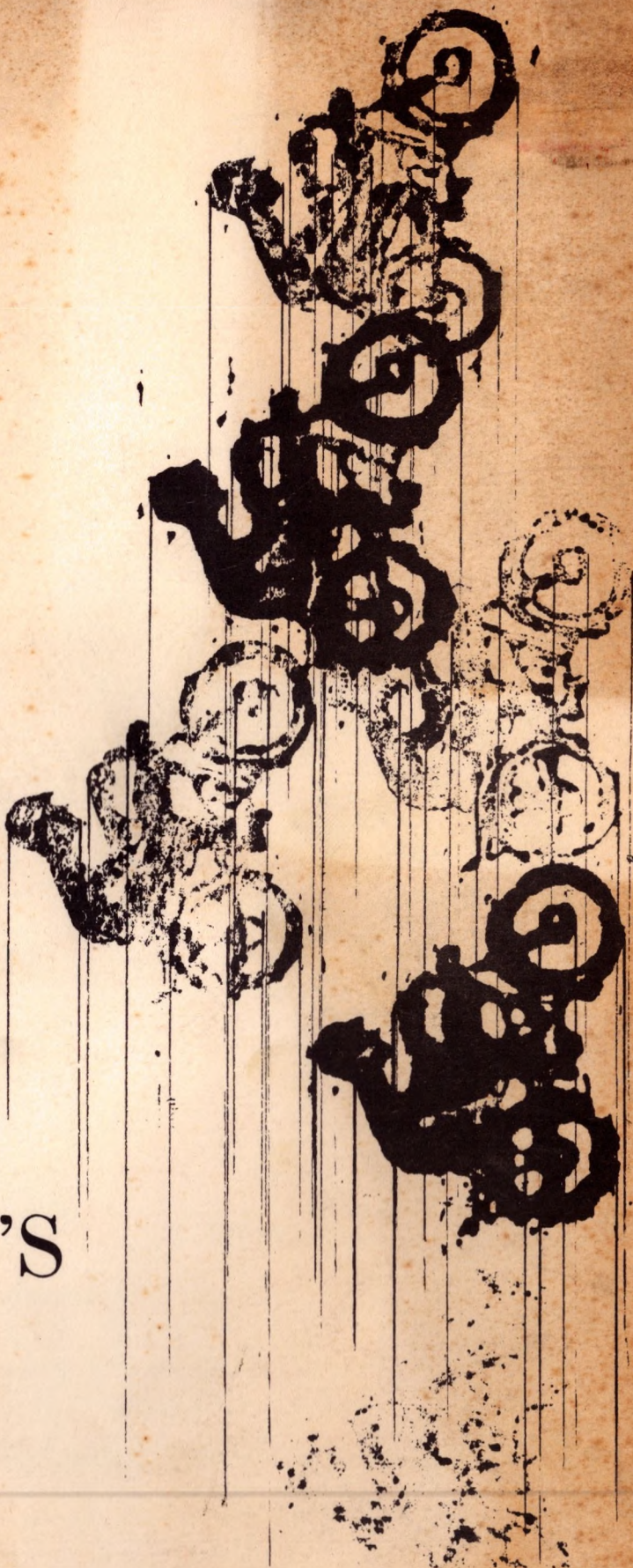
THE STUDENT'S PEN

MARCH 1967

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume LI

Number 3



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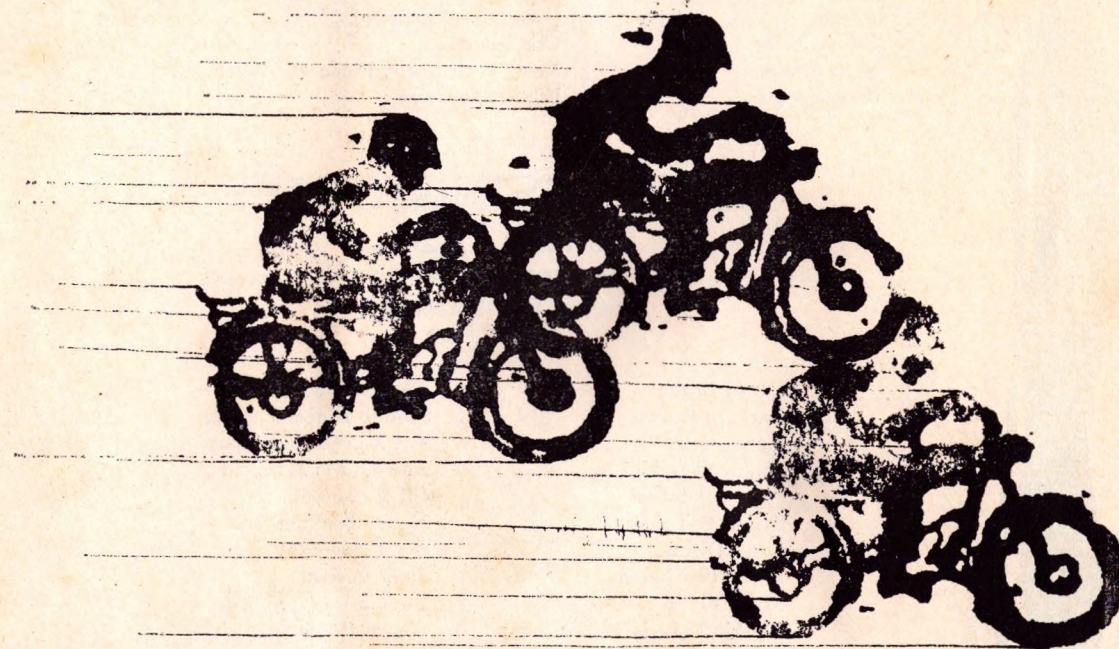
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume LI

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MARCH 1967

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Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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Bob Sandler

ASSISTANT EDITOR

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Susan Zanonato

Nancy Zink

CONTRIBUTORS

LITERARY ADVISER—Mrs. Sheila Schlawin

BUSINESS ADVISER—Miss Margaret Hoffman

ART ADVISER—Mrs. Nancy Delaiti

Art

Lori Sage

Terri Metropole

Dan Oltsch

Adele Boison

Duane Cowan

Susan Connors

Features

Judy Hynes

Sandy Harvey

Alane Guitian

Paula Boos

Arlene Talcove

Marjorie Shulman

Pat Kowalczyk

Carol Williams

Poetry

Abbie Ziskind

Anne Marie DeFillipo

David Furlano

Mary Blagdon

Jean Komuniecki

Elisa Bertocci

Boys' Sports

Ron Goldstein

School Notes

Shaun Harrington

Joe Carnevale

Sue Pomerantz

Sue Giordano

Anne Premierlani

Arlene Cirillo

Essays

George Middleton

James Fulginiti

Michael Kitterman

Paula Boos

Michael Pezzo

David Furlano

Diane Exford

Girls' Sports

Joan Boivin

Betty Jane Kielman

Helen McKenna

Photography

Alan Hardesty

Mark Mitchell

Short Stories

Al Lemberg

Michael Kurjan

Susan Termohlen

Matthew Phelan

Jean Cassanelli

Ethel Harris

Abbie Ziskind

Exchanges

Carolyn Fields

Kathy Johnson

Joyce Martin

Alice Nacorchuk

Languages

Lynda Kresge

Pamela Metzler

Robert Graham

Judy Quillard

Cover by

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Bob Sweeny

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS AND THE MILITARY DRAFT

ONE OF the most pervasive problems facing our country as a result of the Vietnam war is that of the military draft. Various critics have pointed out gross inequities in present procedures, and controversy surrounding plans for revisions will divide our country for some time. Whatever the results of upcoming legislation, those most directly concerned will be today's high school students. Since any modifications will require a transition phase of a few years, those now in high school will be those most eligible for service under a new plan. While primarily a concern for young men, it should be noted that females are not entirely immune under some proposals for draft revisions.

As a group, teenagers do not hold an especially esteemed position among adults. Youth is placed under the stereotyped label of *irresponsible*, and in many instances their actions fall under this category. The angry argument surrounding the draft has brought forth a number of these types in the form of draft card burners and draft dodgers. Their actions do little for the already shaky position that youth holds.

The majority of teenagers, however, are responsible individuals, who are also genuinely concerned with their futures. It is imperative that they too take action in the matter of the draft, but in a more sensible manner. They should carefully consider the various proposals, and then take the initiative to express their views intelligently. Such a procedure, one lacking the emotional ballyhoo of a draft card burning, will have a more decided effect because it is conducted by the use of reason.

Public opinion is a potent force in our democracy. Thus it is better for a potential college student to write to his senator now, than to find he has been

awarded a two year McNamara Fellowship. Similarly it is better for a youth who is unable to attend college to write now, than to find that he is exempt from the deferment granted to those lucky enough to be in school. Regardless of his opinion, he should intelligently express his ideas, or fall victim to a decision that he allowed to be reached without his views being heard.

A great deal of publicity is given to this matter each week. Proposals range from a random-selection process that

substitutes chance for human reason, to a service in humanitarian organizations that takes the place of military service. The various recommendations show a great deal of hard thought, but at best will not be able to please all factions of the population. At any rate, it is necessary for youth to become well acquainted with all these proposals, and then to act.

It would be downright foolish to *passively* watch a decision reached, that carries as much weight as the military draft.

AUSTRALIA AND THE WAR IN VIETNAM

By George Middleton, '67

IN THE international politics of 1967, one fact is paramount: the United States is fighting a very lonely struggle in Vietnam. We are defending the country almost by ourselves; few of our allies have put even economic pressure on the North. But one of the notable exceptions is Australia.

During my recent two-week stay "Down Under," I was able to gather a few impressions of the Australian attitude towards the war in Vietnam. I concluded that, on the whole, Australians support the war.

Nearly all the people with whom I talked advocated United States involvement in Southeast Asia. Although not prone to elaborate their full reasons, it was obvious that their proximity to the Communist threat was of decided importance.

Evidence of this came during the recent visit of Premier Ky to Australia. Fortunately, I was still in Sydney when he arrived, so I was able to obtain some first-hand knowledge of his reception. It was cordial, to say the least. Each edi-

torial that I read praised Ky for his lucid answers, his tact, and his intelligent evaluation of his country's precarious situation. Rarely have I seen such decidedly pro-Ky articles in the American press.

It should be noted that Madame Ky received just as much, if not more, attention than did her husband. Evidently, the Aussies were charmed by her beauty and poise.

Naturally, there is also opposition to the war in Australia. The former leader of the Australian Labor Party, Arthur Calwell (who was just replaced this month), was an ardent supporter of a get-out-of-Vietnam drive. He tried to lead demonstrations against the war during Ky's visit; they were uniformly unsuccessful. Perhaps his recent replacement by a more moderate spokesman is indicative of the Australian mind.

Furthermore, not all of Premier Ky's visit was a rousing success. There were isolated incidents in which families of Australians in Vietnam refused to meet the Premier. These, however, were a decided minority.

Finally, there were the typical posters throughout Sydney demanding that Ky go home; some pictured President Johnson in obviously uncomplimentary terms. Yet there seemed to be a definite resentment of such tactics.

Hence, I concluded that Australians, in general, do support our Southeast Asia policy. Furthermore, there seems to be less dissent in that country than here. Be it right or wrong, the war in Vietnam has an ally in the land down under.

White Fingers

Then the mighty gossamer fingers gently moved down,
Cut from the supports, they searched for new,
Since earth was so near, only a step or double far,
They travelled there.
The ground was colder, the mist before sun rise
Is rarely worn on those fingers now.

By David Furlano, '68

THE UNCONCERNED

By Matthew Phelan, '67

THE SUN winks at me from behind a marshmallow cloud and I smile back. And my spirits rise with the rising sun.

Another glorious summer's day is dawning; another page in the book of time is being turned. Somewhere, a life is beginning and another is ending. A flower is opening its petals to the sun while another withers. A butterfly bursts from its cocoon and a bird's broken wings cease to flap.

It is all part of the pattern, the tapestry of life into which we all are woven. Our stories are recorded and we pass away and the world is never quite the same after we have trod on it. Every moment, the wheels of time are ponderously turning and there is no brake with which they may be halted.

Life is huge and its enormity is impressing. A hand stronger and surer than any man's created us and rules us. So certainly no mortal man in a foreign land or in our own country can press a button and change the face of the earth and alter the destinies of its inhabitants. Surely no such man can hold in his hand

the lives of millions of people . . . people like you and me. It just cannot be possible.

Or can it?

Doubts creep into my mind like the morning mists. Can it be that He who is the author of our existence would countenance such a war? Would He allow such an extraordinary and melodramatic thing to take place? No, it is just too unreal, too fantastic, to believe.

And yet, from the morning papers screamed the headlines that we are, indeed, at war. War was officially declared late last night and, still, I cannot accept it. War is a thing for history books or articles in the *Reader's Digest* but not for here and now. It is an impersonal thing taking place in steaming jungle swamps and not in one's home town. Certainly I, myself, will never be touched by it.

Perhaps if the sun did not shine, perhaps if the birds refused to sing, perhaps if the milkman did not make his daily rounds—perhaps then I would feel an ominous chill. But no, nothing has

changed; time ticks slowly onward, days run headlong into nights, and the whole idea of war is one of unreality.

Words are cheap and the people I hear voicing worry and alarm are as hollow gongs and, to me, their concern seems superficial. The television is riddled with specials about the war and the radio blares forth warnings. Civil defense shelters are being prepared and people are advised to procure emergency provisions.

And still, this activity does nothing to dispel the mists of unreality from my mind.

I have succeeded in convincing myself that we dwell in some sort of cocoon, some sort of vacuum, and are immune from a disease such as war.

Even now, as I stroll through the waving grass of a golden meadow in the warm haze of a summer's morn, I feel no de-

spair but ecstasy. Why think of death when life is flourishing all about you? The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and yet . . . somewhere . . . people in rice paddies are dying of starvation, people in slums are giving up hope while others are fighting to save people like myself who cannot feel, cannot care.

And did I not read in that Holiest of Books that a city would not be spared for the sake of a few? Does He not take an over-all view and base His decisions on that? Is the cancer spread too far?

What am I saying? What am I trying to prove? Why should I concern myself with the problems of others? Of what difference is it to me? I am at the threshold of life and no one can close the door on me. I am determined to get what is coming to me, what I deserve.

* * * *

The sun winks at me from behind a marshmallow cloud and I smile back. And my spirits rise with the rising sun.

And, even as the first bombs penetrate and shatter the earth's surface, I smile, knowing that this cannot really be happening . . .



Terri Metropole

WHITE ELEPHANTS' ANYONE?

By James Fulginiti, '68

NOW THAT Christmas is over with, I am faced with my annual problem which is as inevitable as the locust swarms in Africa: what should I do with the "gifts" my friends and relatives gave me?

I can always classify these tokens of love into three categories: those from my mother's relations, those given by my father's, and those from my immediate family and friends.

There are usually no headaches given to me by my parents. A \$20 bill and wearable clothing suffice. My friends, however, enjoy the gag gifts. You know the ones—two utterly horrid ties, canned puzzles, and gooie birds. These are stored for some unknown, some-day use. My father's kin give money or Italian cookies.

But from my mother's sisters come the offerings I truthfully dread. They stare ominously at me; I tag them with "Open me never!" stickers. A cold sweat begins when the time to open them, the moment of doom, arrives. Inside the tissue-wrapped packages from my Aunt Gen are just what I don't need and don't want—plaid flannel shirts. I'm sure you remember Aunt Gen—she used the name "Sam" and ran an obscure Army and Navy store. Of course I don't always get flannel shirts; Aunt Gen likes variety. Sometimes I am bestowed with G.I. boots, Canadian Mounty hats, or sometimes even the thermo underwear Commander Byrd wore.

Contrastingly, Aunt Edna's love is the curio shops. Beneath the black wrapping paper could be any number of things—Roy Rogers string neck ties, raw cotton balls, petrified mushrooms, or *Andy Hardy Falls in Love*. She also is an avid

knitter. I've collected during previous years magenta mohair socks, cerise booties, and chartreuse hankies.

When it comes to a horse of a different color, Aunt Freda is the one about whom you are talking. Every aspect of her is different—her clothing (including a 35-pound horsehair coat), her jewelry (boar whisker bracelets, necklaces of tse-tse flies), and naturally her gifts. Because it gets particularly lonesome around the farm, she has turned to sewing. Aunt Freda works her fat little fingers to the bone making our gifts—cloth-covered coat hangers. The only purpose they serve is for hanging my flannel shirts on.

I realize of course that these gifts are given out of love and in the true giving spirit. But why must they haunt me for the rest of the year?

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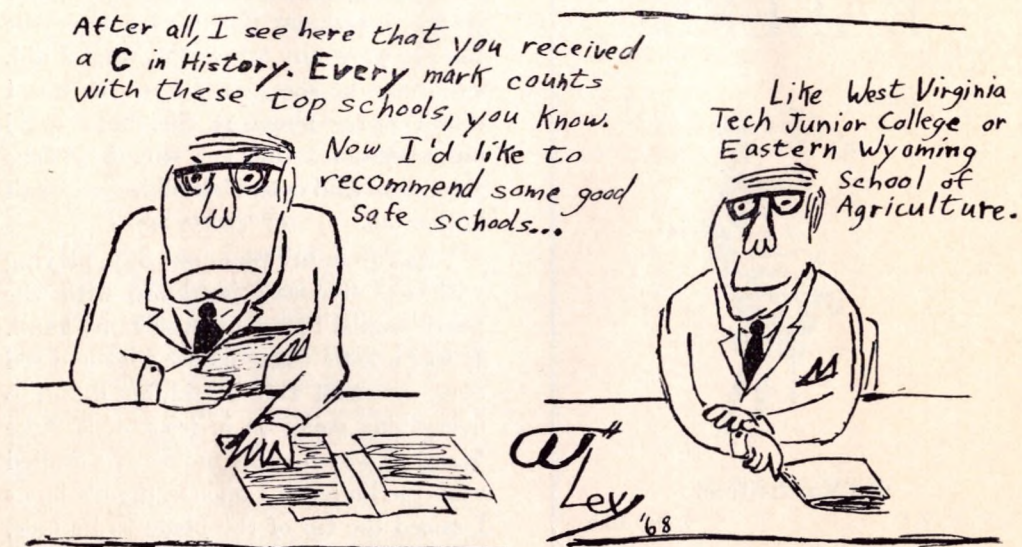
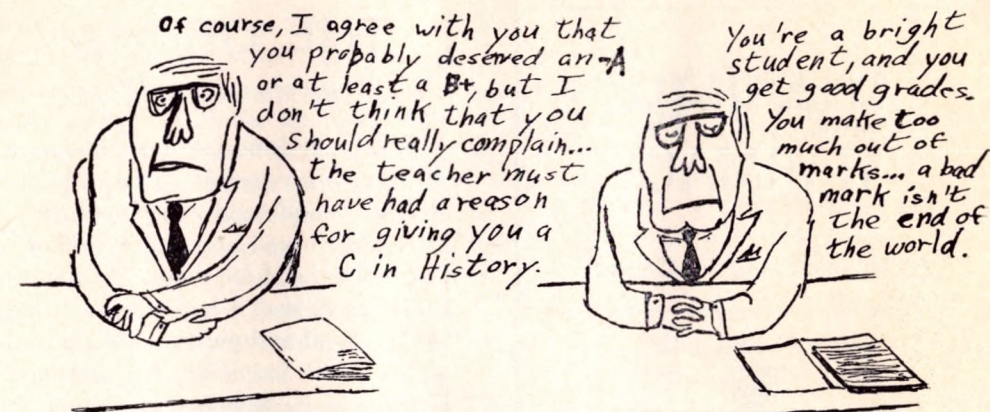
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THE ORPHAN

By Mary Blagdon, '68

I WAS A little boy whom nobody loved. I guess my parents tried to love me, and my friends and everybody did, but my mind worked in a funny kind of way and it was hard for them. My room was full of bugs that I had collected, pulled the wings off and pinned, still squirming, to my *Little Scientist's Insect Mounting Board*. I had a five-way jackknife with a pearl handle that I loved very much and sliced buttons off my sweaters with. I had a secret book shelf full of paperback books that was hidden behind my set of *Crampton's Complete Encyclopedia for Growing Young Minds*. My mother would have been shocked had she taken the time to clean my room. She would have died of mortification if she ever knew how much of the book I understood, because she had never told me anything; "Go ask your father, dear, Mama's busy." So I'd ask him. "Go ask your mother. Can't you see I'm busy?" So I never did find out, except from those books. I suppose if she ever took the time to show any interest in what I did, she *would* be shocked. I knew it, but I didn't worry about it. She never paid any attention to me, yet, why should she start now. And even if she did, she doesn't bother me.

I was up in my room one day, playing with my five-way jackknife with the pearl handle. I held a mouse in my hand. It was a little white mouse that had red eyes, eyes that were placid, but dumb to everything going on in front of it. Like Mama. I watched the mouse as I fiddled with the knife, as I opened the blade, as I raised the tip of the blade to its face, but it just went on nibbling at its paws.

Mama couldn't see things that happened right in front of her either. Just like the mouse, just like a dumb animal; I giggled. I raised the mouse up to my face and stared into its eyes. Just like Mama's. I jabbed the point of the knife into the glass redness. The mouse gave a squeal and quivered. I laughed and cut the tail off; the blade was very sharp. The mouse began to writhe on my hand, so I laid it flat on the floor, fingers holding it down. It began to whimper and I cut off its front legs. It escaped from my fingers and started to push itself with its hind legs frantically away from me, its head bumping the floor and staining it with dark eye fluid. I reached over and sliced off the hind legs; the mouse wheezed and lay trembling, its good eye running tears. I sawed off the head, a little raggedly, and started to cut the quivery body into little pieces, but all of a sudden, I felt sick. I picked up the scattered parts of the mouse and laid the lifeless hulk in the exact center of my pillow. I arranged its legs and tail around it, like when it was alive, and I tried to put the head back on, but it rolled. So I laid it on sideways, and a red stain spread over my pillow case. Then I picked up my knife and drove it with all my strength into the mouse's mutilated body. The blade cut through to the pillow and the mouse was held to the bed, with only the pearl handle of the knife showing from its blood-sticky fur.

I felt sick and I couldn't look at the mouse so I went over to the window; I opened it and leaned out. On the other side of the trees that separated us from our neighbors, I could see a woman and a little boy a few years younger than me, in the back yard. The woman was sitting on the grass in the center of the yard, with her legs folded under her and her skirt spread around her, reading. The little boy was tossing pebbles into a

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puddle in the corner. A robin flew to the bush in front of him, and sat cocking its head and chirping, and the boy, laughing, tossed a stone at it. He hit its wing and the bird took off, squawking. The woman called sharply to the boy, and he came to her, head hanging. She slapped his hand; I could hear it, then she began to talk with him in a gentle, stern voice. He stood in front of her while she spoke, and when she was finished, she patted his hand. He nodded his head, and, then, sobbing, he threw himself into her lap. She put her arms around him, and sat with him on her lap, rocking back and forth.

I turned away from the window, toward the room, almost ready to cry. Then I saw the mouse on my pillow, a roll of red blood running down the side of my bed. The mouse. Just like Mama. "Oh, Mama!" I said. And, throwing myself on the bed, I started to cry.

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DEFEAT

By Susan Termohlen, '68

FINALLY! He had escaped the nagging tongues of his mother and teachers. Always they were trying to get him to study when he knew it was an impossibility for him ever to learn anything. "You're going to be digging ditches all your life if you don't learn. Everybody'll say, 'There goes Lardor's son. Pity, isn't it that he never got along in school!'"

"Glad to get out of that stupid place," Billy was thinking. Nobody could understand that it wasn't what you learned at school that counted. It was what was in your head that really mattered. His feelings for other humans, his love of country and of God, his honesty, his courage: those were the things that were really important; they determine what kind of a guy one really is.

Billy could remember that John kid. He got all A's, was the class president and the most popular in his class. Billy's mother had said to him, "There's the kind of person you should be. His mother must be proud of him." Yeah, that was what his mother had wanted in a son. But once Billy had heard John saying to his friend, "Boy, I sure fooled Old Man Krump good, didn't I? I stole tomorrow's test right out from under his nose and he never even saw me. Now I'm sure to get

a 100 on that test." Billy wouldn't be like that for anybody; not even his mother.

And how about Jeff Canem, the star football and basketball player? Billy had once seen him laughing at the attempts of a crippled boy to change classes with the other students. A couple of times Billy had seen the honor roll student, Pete Holz, drinking in a teen-age hang-out with a fake ID.

Well, Billy didn't care if he did dig ditches all his life, but he wouldn't resort to the lowliness that so many others had, just to be "in." Right this minute, he was running away with his father's car (he had left a note saying where he would leave it, so that his father could pick it up later) to go join the army to help keep his country free. He could be useful that way and not have to worry about getting A's.

Billy wanted to fly to get away from the dishonesty, the falseness, and the lack of compassion of his home town. That was his only thought. Faster, Billy, faster. He stepped on the gas and his tires squealed as he rounded the sharp corner. But he didn't turn in time.

Billy, for all his speed, could not escape the baseness of the world.



Dan Oltsch

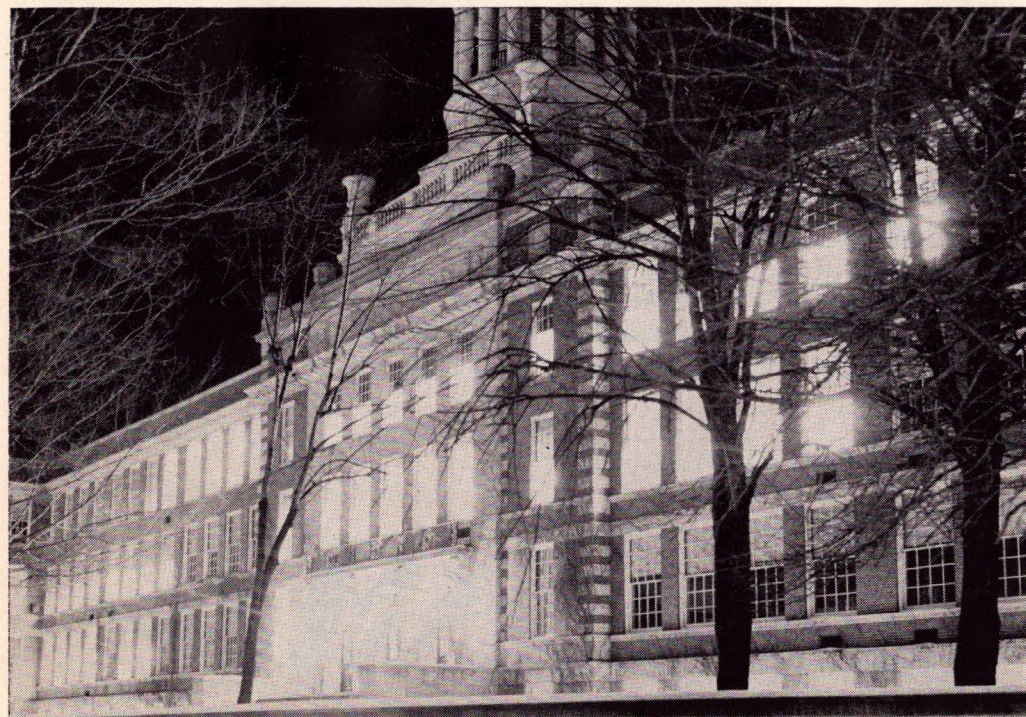
THE HIGH SCHOOL AT NIGHT

By Maria Gasbarrone, '67

EACH MORNING Pittsfield High School wakens with the sun and opens its doors to a swarming mass of juniors and seniors. All morning, and through the afternoon, its halls reverberate with the noisiness of youth until at last the sophomores' dismissal bell sounds. For students, another school day is completed, and all thoughts of Pittsfield High School are put out of mind. But the working day for our school building is only half finished. After the sophomores leave, another "session" begins. P.H.S. becomes a nighttime beehive of activity as night school courses and civic events take over the edifice. Its halls once again hum, not with the laughter and shouting of teenagers, but with the more serious sounds of adults working. Using the first and second floors and the

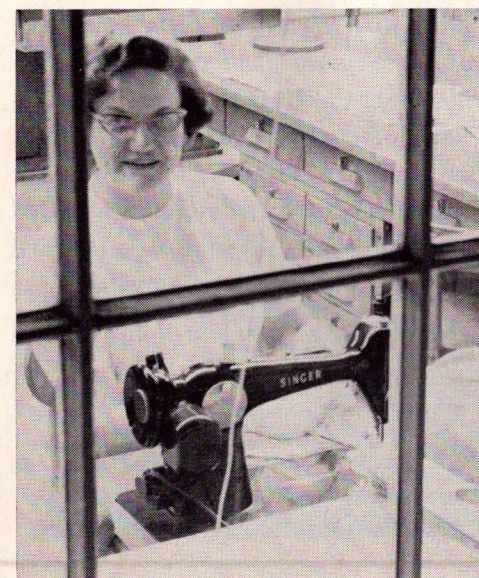
science labs, the General Electric Company conducts apprentice courses at the high school. Subjects such as algebra, geometry and trigonometry, physics, and engineering mechanics are offered. Currently enrolled in the apprentice school are 61 draftsmen, 23 electricians, 23 maintenance mechanics, 31 toolmakers, and 6 technicians under the direction of qualified instructors. The completion of this academic program enables these students, who are high school graduates, to receive the equivalent of a junior college education, and from there they will go on to their allotted trades.

Besides the General Electric Apprentice School, Pittsfield High night school offers other courses. Home Economics and sewing, machine shop, and commercial and secretarial classes keep the



high school vibrant with light and sound even on the dreariest winter night. Throughout the year concerts, plays, and other programs of civic interest are presented in the auditorium. The large room that many students see only as a study hall or assembly is indeed an important part of Pittsfield's community life.

Despite its seemingly endless supply of energy, Pittsfield High School DOES tire, and there is a time each night when its doors close. Pittsfield High puts on another face and begins an existence known only to a handful of custodians. All is still as one walks along the corridor, and the only sound is that of echoed footsteps. The classrooms are dark and quiet and closed to human intruders and a whisper echoes in a stairwell which normally rings with shouting. Our school sleeps along with the rest of the world. It is in these few hours and on weekends that Pittsfield High School pauses to take a breath and prepare its tired but stoic walls for the next morning, when once again the doors to Pittsfield's future are opened.



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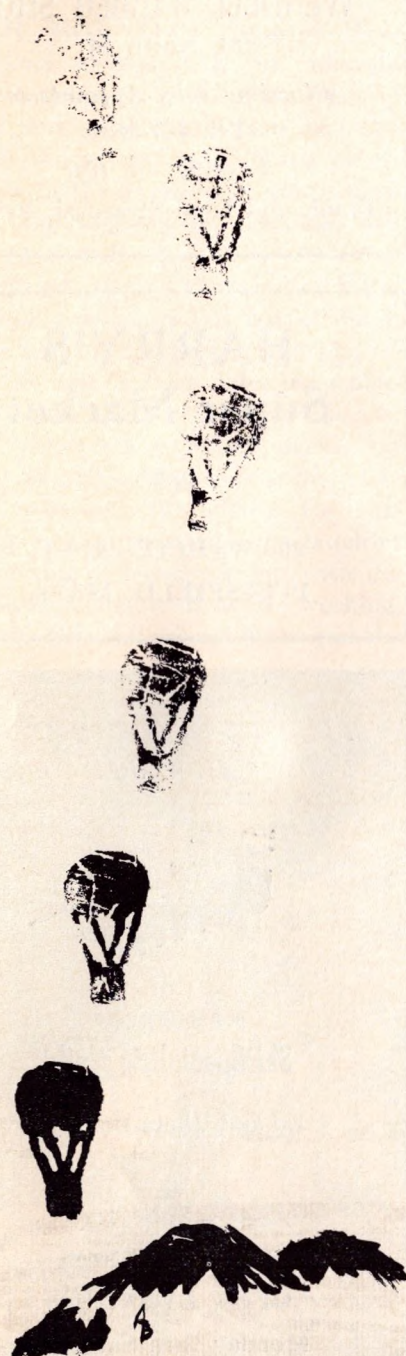
Last eve at precisely 2:17 P.M.
our beloved and esteemed
PROF. Harold Hardwig, B.A., A.B.,
C.D., and Ph.d.
Disappeared!!!

Yes, while he was attempting the first lighter than air travel—which, by the way, is a most phenomenal feat, one which only the most skilled in the astronomical sciences could attempt—Prof. Hardwig was disconnected from the ground and his balloon-craft was lifted up high into the stratosphere and carried off upon a stiff southwestern wind.

We grieve over the loss of our beloved professor.

The Management

By Julie Dubro, '68



Adele Boison

The Train

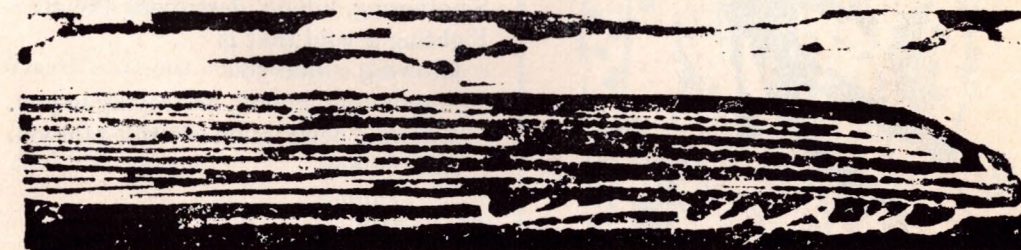
A noise
Its first loud waiting cry.
The train crawls with utmost care
When from out of its tunnel and into
the light it comes.

Each car related to the next
Though all are different each as part of
one
Begins to shuffle in unison—
A steady rhythm
Until the height of speed is attained.

Whistle blasting
Smoke-stack breathing
Lively, hustling train
Runs rapidly
O'er steep mountain
Through valley deep
Fast . . . faster,
. breathless,
Gone

A faint murmur
Echoes goodbye from the misty horizon
As into the distance of tomorrow the
train disappears.

By Anne Marie DeFelippo, '67



Bob Sweeney

Underneath

Must the ground quake for the sake of
freezing water
who sends itself under the sheet of con-
crete?

The block snaps, splitting its shell of
asphalt,
and slowly oozes out the cause, unable to
hide while it hurts.

The ice has gone away, but still the crack
in alabaster bosom remains.

Many come, many fall over the split
caused by nature trying to break up
what is covering her.

By David Furlano, '68

Vertigo

Around and down
Swayingly, dizzily.
Seeming not moving,
but knowing you're falling.
Seeing the air palpably coiling
Feeling it coiling around as you fall,
Smelling the cold, steel odor of fear.
Falling.
Falling.
Falling.
Crying out silently
Fighting a void that is
Smothering, killing, destroying the air
Fighting a void that is
Growing within you
Smothering, killing, destroying in you.
Knowing destruction is coming for you
And Falling.
Falling.
Falling.

By Mary Blagdon, '68

Susan Connors

mid-winter thaw

the snow shrivelling into small, dirty
clumps
exposing sickly green patches of flat-
tened grass
mud puddles stretching their tentacles
along the edge of bare roads
the coarse sand on the dry pavement
crunching beneath tires and shoes
a gray stick with bits of withered-up
brown paper
that crackle at the whistling wind's
command
a bland, blue sky flecked with white
cotton
a false hope of spring
in the muddy nakedness of earth

by judy quillard, '68

The Human Race

I am brought into the world.
I learn to become curious and to trust
in those dear to me.
Life runs on.

The world surrounds me with books,
skyscrapers, the wonders of nature.
I learn the meaning of responsibility
And life runs on.

I face the beauty of marriage,
Learn the priceless values of true love,
and the meaning of—eternity.
Life runs on.

Death's serious countenance glows upon
mine—
There is silence,
And life runs on.

By Abbie Ziskind, '68

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THE WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE

By Michael Kitterman, '67

THE MODERN day school system was designed with one purpose in mind; to maintain a constant flow of ulcers in today's society. Headaches and stomach-aches and all other aches and pains are merely by-products of the education process. The drug and pill industries have schools to thank for their conception. Schools are the cause of all the pain and misery and unrest in the world.

The education process usually begins in kindergarten where you are taught to memorize the alphabet and instructed in the correct manner of counting to ten (without using your fingers). This pre-first grade experience is expressly designed to weaken your spirit and make you more pliable for the years to come.

After successfully completing kindergarten you are graduated to first grade. Learning to read is most important in first grade. After a two-week trial period you are divided into groups according to your ability to read; squirrels, chipmunks, etc., etc., all the way down to acorns. The pressure is already on and now everyone is scrambling for a better place in the social strata. I have yet to see a poor little acorn work his way up to a higher group. After all, with encouragement from his socially higher "friends" such as, "Ha, ha, you're in the

acorn group, you're nothing but a nut," (pun) what's the poor little nut gonna do? No matter how diligently the poor little fella works, there will always be this social barrier standing in his way. I think a parallel can be drawn here to the caste system in India.

Okay, now we're ready for the second grade. If the little guy in acorn group is lucky, the first grade teacher has kept her big mouth shut and your new teacher doesn't yet know he's stupid. Today's the day for grouping. Here we go again! What?! Not an acorn anymore!?! Well, all that hard work paid off. Aha, but what's that little speck in the lining of your stomach? Yessir, boy, you guessed it! That's your little ulcer already beginning to form. But who cares? You're going to be a success.

Years go by and now you're in high school. You've been sweating it out for nine years with all the hard work and eight hours homework every night at the books. You finally did it, you passed that bigmouth in squirrel group. Not only that, but you're one of the smartest guys in school. But, alas, all that hard work and those straight "A's" makes you kinda square. And the word now is cool.

The first way to be cool is to dress right. You've gotta have a lot of clothes.

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Now I don't mean just any clothes, you've gotta have the best. It's not enough to have nice clothes any more, because the first thing kids do after they say hello is to peel back your shirt collar to see where you got it. Many a popular guy has been ruined because he was caught wearing a shirt from a discount house. So the first thing you do is burn all your old clothes and spend your father's whole week's salary on new ones, for six straight weeks.

Now your father's yelling at you for spending all his money, your mother's yelling at your father for yelling at you and your guidance counselor is screaming that you've got to have extra-curricular activities to get into college. Oboy! So you engage in six or seven extra-curricular activities plus your six hours a day of school and eight hours a night of homework. By this time you're taking tranquilizers to prevent a nervous breakdown and pep pills to keep you on your feet.

You're almost all set now, but when you get out of the hospital you've just gotta find a steady girl friend, get a car with 427 horsepower and dual-quads, get a job to support your extravagant taste in clothes, your steady and your car, take out a bank loan to pay for your ulcer pills and the hospital expenses, and get a job working nights to pay off your bank loan . . .

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EXCHANGES

From *The Cherry and White*, Williamsport Senior High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

On The Erf

An, Erf, a tiny little man,
Went skirting crost my yard
He carried budget and a stude
And ran he very hard.

He sat atop me hillside
To besnicker hind he hand
Of all these people wasting ears
Across this very land.

I sate one day a pod me stude
As me as I might be
To watch the roberts in the woods
And smell the pebbly tree.

I spade the Erf come up the hill
And started fallow he
But stabin in an open field
I dark beside a tree.

The slimy sun in veddy least
Shone through the spreading trees
I fallowed it behind the Erf
My stude between my knees.

Upon he know that I were there
He falling all awash,
He claiming on him little stude
And jamming up and farth.

I asked him, why the budget Erf?
He spyed a clyptic spy.
He knew I wouldn't ask him more
I didn't ask him why.

By Alex Blumberg

James Jewelers

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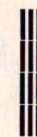
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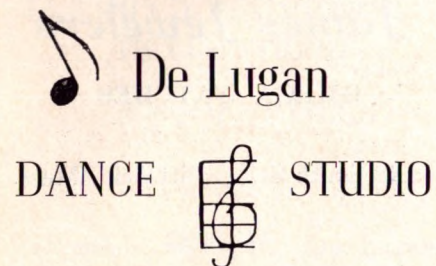


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'Ionization': An Example of Electronic Music

Among each of the arts, there are those modernists who are continuously searching for new methods in which to express their ideas and emotions. So it is in the field of music. Modern composers have turned from what they consider the exhausted styles of music and have attempted to reach out into the unknown and undeveloped, in quest of new ways of writing. Some have been successful in creating impressionistic and modern twelve-tone works. Still others have made use of available mechanical devices to create electronic music. An excellent example of electronic music is the work, "Ionization," written by the French composer, Edgar Varese.

In his composition, "Ionization," Varese is concerned with artificial and electronic sounds which are built up from one basic tone. He uses the tape recorder as his electronic device in which he is able to "pick up" the resonant sounds of thirty-seven percussion instruments. The instruments range in pitch from high to low and from deep to shallow. Varese creates several instrumental combinations which consist of sirens, cymbals, drums, slapsticks, maracas, sleigh bells, and the piano. Each combination contributes to the creation

of the intricate rhythm and the striking character of tonality.

With Germany as its origin, electronic music not only spread to France, but also to Egypt, the United States, and several other countries. Much work is being performed in several American colleges, namely Princeton and Columbia, for electronic music is still in its experimental stage.

To the average music lover, Varese's "Ionization" may seem inane or even absurd because of its lack of formation and melody. The high society concert-goer may completely abandon the idea of electronic music. Man, however, will never discontinue his quest for novelty in ways of expression through the arts. There will always be those who have the desire to create that which is yet to be created by man. When humanity someday becomes fully accustomed to the everchanging modern ideas, perhaps man will accept the concept of electronic music. Only then can man fully appreciate such a work as Varese's "Ionization."

By Deborah Scaduto '67

ALFIE

If there can be merit in being a bounder, Michael Caine has certainly achieved fame as the number one ladies' man in the sophisticated comedy *Alfie*. Full of self confidence and humorously devastating in his relationship with women, Alfie trots through the movie conquering and discarding one lady love after another.

Alfie, based on the play written by Bill Naughton, is concerned mainly with Alfie's succinct philosophy on life . . . to live for himself. Alfie's entire life is one of fun and games. He enjoys living and he firmly believes in his freedom; he is a self-centered and egotistical young character. In spite of his confidence,

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however, Alfie does have his weaknesses. Throughout the play, Alfie fears responsibilities as well as emotional involvement. Alfie's self-satisfaction becomes shaken only when a well-to-do older widow rejects him for a younger man. This experience as well as others prompt Alfie to say that if one doesn't have peace of mind, he has nothing. And so it is with Alfie. Alfie is left with nothing, he is left hollow, for he never gets his peace of mind back.

Michael Caine displays a brilliant performance of Alfie, the uninhibited British character. Throughout the movie, Alfie confides with the audience in his frank and intimate monologue. This adds not only to the interest and enjoyment of the movie, but it also adds insight into Alfie's true character.

Alfie is an entertaining movie. It is certainly one of the best movies of the season.

By Patti Baker, '67

SURREALISM AND SALVADOR DALI

Surrealism, or "super-realism" emerged as a unified art movement in 1924 under the leadership of Andre Breton, a young poet and ex-army psychiatrist. It was his belief that subject matter and style should come from the unconscious rather than the conscious mind. Surrealism's full potential was first realized in the paintings of Giorgio de Chirico around 1914. Many artists were then swiftly attracted to surrealism, including May Earnst, Yves Lanquy, Rene Magritte and Joon Miro. But perhaps the most important artist, that one who did the most to advance surrealism, was Salvador Dali.

The methods of Dali, although based loosely on the surrealist concept, were almost totally Dalinian. He was fas-

cinated by insanity and out of this fascination emerged his "paranoic-critical method" of painting.

Simply stated, it was a substitution of realism for the wild hallucinations of his own mind. This method proved successful for several years, until 1934, when he was reportedly expelled from Breton's Surrealist group for his political ideas, the inclusion of Hitler in two of his paintings.

It was in that same year that Dali had his first American showing. It was a smashing success, especially with many of the wealthy, influential people of America. But since that time few true masterpieces have come from his hand. His work has become increasingly overcrowded and less convincing. In the present day the only limelight left for Salvador Dali is that generated by early successes and his ego.

By Bob Sweeney '67



Salvador Dali's Mona Lisa

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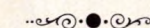
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WHO'S WHO

MIKE O'BRIEN

Remember the great bon-fire rally; the first one P.H.S. has had since World War II? One of the two students who thought of this was Mike O'Brien. Many recognize him as the president of the Pep Club; while others might have read his articles in the Sports Section of the *Eagle*. Mike has shown his ability by the fine job he is doing as editor of Boys' Sports in *The Pen*. Aside from this, he is Director in the South East section of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society. Mike is hoping to attend Fairfield College where he will major in History.



MARYROSE ERAMO

Maryrose Eramo, our Senior Class Assistant Treasurer, can be seen either marching at one of the games as a member of the Cadettes, or heading a meeting of the Features Staff of the *In General*. Always an active participator, she is best known for her drive. Her three years at the High School have been filled with such activities as being the co-chairman of the Jr. Election Committee, helping on the Advertising staff of *The Student's Pen*, and being a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A.

Drawings by Lori Sage



ANN BARBALUNGA

Ann Barbalunga, better known to everyone as "Queenie," is one of the most active members of the school's student government. Throughout her years at the High School, she has devoted much of her time and efforts to student affairs.

In her sophomore year, Ann was elected Assistant Secretary of the student council. The following year she was appointed Secretary, and this year became the Treasurer. Taking on even more responsibility, she was a Homeroom Treasurer and Representative. A member of the Cadettes, Queenie's other interests center around skiing and riding.



CANDE GRIEVE

One of the most popular girls at P.H.S. is senior Cande Grieve. Her three years at the High School have been filled with action. This year she is a Homeroom Representative, a member of the student council, vice-president of the G.A.A., and *In General's* girls' sports editor. These are not, by far, her only extra-curricular activities. She has been an active member of the Pep Club and a Cadette. She was a member of the Junior Class Council, and was co-chairman of the ring committee. She has also participated in several after school sports.



GEORGE MIDDLETON

In the short time in which he has been in Pittsfield, George Middleton has quickly managed to make a name for himself at P.H.S. Selected as one of ten in the country to receive the Australian Science Scholarship, he has just returned from a tour that included a talk with the President and stops in London, Hong Kong, and Australia. Although his studies and a part time job take up much of George's time, he manages to be a member of his church youth group and to design rockets. We would like to welcome George back and wish him continuing success.

BOB SANDLER

This year's staff of *The Student's Pen* is led by a very capable senior, Bob Sandler. As Editor-in-Chief, his constant urging for improvements has been reflected in the ever increasing quality of *The Pen*. Even though this takes much of his time, Bob has always managed to lead a well-rounded school life. This is exhibited by the fact that he not only takes A.P. Chemistry and English, but also has the honor of being a National Merit Finalist. His other activities range from being a Homeroom Representative, to participating in soccer. Bob's ability to handle responsibility should make him successful in whatever he attempts.



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ALUMNI NOTES

C. Wallace Jordan graduated from PHS in 1933 and from Williams College in 1937. He became a "Fellow of the Society of Actuaries" in 1946, and the Society published his book "Life Contingencies" in 1952. Since 1946, C. W. Jordan has been a member of the Mathematics Department of Williams College, except for sabbatical leaves in order to study at U. of Colorado, Stanford, and Duke. Besides his work as a Mathematics Professor, he serves as advisor to actuarial students and as Director of the Computer Laboratory at Williams.

As a member of the faculty at Williams College, I am often asked to advise students about professional opportunities in mathematics. During the past few years, I have been particularly impressed with the favorable prospects in two special fields.

I am sure that the students at Pittsfield High are well aware of the great demand for computer programmers. The rapid development of electronic data processing techniques has resulted in a serious shortage of people trained in computer technology. Computers are widely used in business, industry, and government, and it is estimated that 300,000 to 500,000 more programmers will be needed in this country by 1970. It is clearly of great importance for more young people to consider entering this field. The opportunities here are great, and the financial rewards are com-

mensurate with the need and the importance of the work.

Another field which should be very attractive to young people of the right ability is actuarial science. Actuaries are concerned with the mathematics of insurance, and every insurance company requires the service of a number of actuarial experts to determine its premium rates and dividend scales, and, if it is a life insurance company, to establish reserve funds at the proper level to assure the carrying out of its future obligations. A large life insurance company may require a staff of up to 100 persons with professional training in actuarial science. At the present time, there is a great demand for actuaries, not only in insurance companies, but also in government, industry, and the consulting field. The young person who has a talent for this kind of work will find that he can progress rapidly to a position of responsibility.

The personal qualifications needed in both these fields are somewhat similar. One should have a flair for mathematics and a natural ability in the handling of precise logical reasoning. It is possible to enter these fields without going to college, but it must be added that it is only the very exceptional individual who can do this. One's prospects of success are vastly enhanced if he has the fund of knowledge and breadth of outlook which college training in the liberal arts affords. For actuarial work, in addition to mathematics, it is useful to have courses in English composition, economics, and statistics.

Although the demand for computer programmers has been well advertised, students in high school do not usually hear very much about the opportunities in actuarial work. These are careers which are well worth the consideration of all young men and women of the right ability—offering work of great variety, yielding a high degree of personal satisfaction as well as valuable financial rewards.

C. Wallace Jordan
Professor of Mathematics

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GIRLS' SPORTS

Girls' basketball is always a lot of fun, and this year's games were no exception. There were, however, a few changes made. Every Monday and Wednesday for two weeks about forty senior and junior girls gathered at the Girls Club. After meeting the new instructor, Mrs. Philip Messer, we were quickly lined up along the outside of the court, or as some may recall "along the black line." Before we knew what was happening, we all were jogging around the gym, stopping at the sound of the whistle, and pivoting, then jogging, stopping, and pivoting again. If nothing else, we learned how to pivot. But this wasn't all we did. We exercised, jumped at imaginary baskets, dribbled the ball through obstacle courses, ran relay races, and did sit-ups and sit-ups and sit-ups and more sit-ups. After all this we still had enough energy to play a game or two of basketball.

For the round robin tournament four teams were formed from those who survived the preceding practices, and a series of six games were played until one team remained undefeated. During these games, Mrs. Messer took the time to point out the various mistakes we were making, with the hope that they might be remedied. Some things, however, just didn't sink in. For instance, one should not make a basket for the other team. Right, Daria? It was a beautiful rebound, but really! Sue P., Terry B., and Cande G. are enjoying basketball much more

now that one is allowed the unlimited dribble. But some people are never satisfied. Some girls are trying to initiate the rule that one need not dribble at all, just pick up the ball and run. Is this true, Eileen? There also seems to be some doubt as to the number of fouls one may collect before being eliminated from the game. It always used to be five, but it seems that Joanie B. thinks it's ten.

All in all, the girls had a great time. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Messer, a 1959 graduate of P.H.S., one of the first board members of G.A.A., a cheerleader, and avid participant in after school sports, who gave the time to both instruct and supervise the girls.

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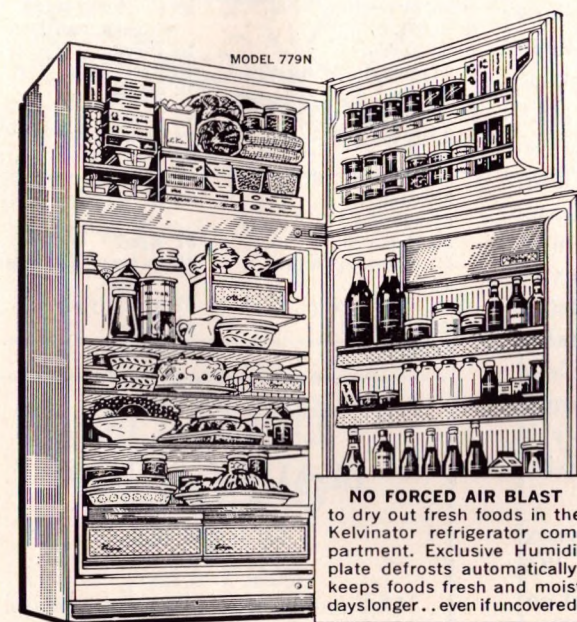
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LANGUAGES

La Momie

Henri Lambre poussa un soupir de soulagement. La journée était finie. Il pouvait se reposer. "C'est dur," se dit-il, d'être agent d'un musée d'Égyptologie." C'était un samedi. Il n'aimait pas les samedis. Le samedi beaucoup de gens venaient au musée. Des enfants, qui faisaient du bruit, des touristes, qui lui posaient toujours les mêmes questions, et d'autres qui l'ennuyaient. Mais, il était nuit. Le musée était fermé. Il s'est assis dans une chaise et s'est adossé au mur. Il pouvait se détendre.

Tout à coup, il entendit quelque chose. Il alluma sa lampe de poche, et alla faire une enquête.

"Qui va là?" se cria-t-il. "Qui est-ce?"

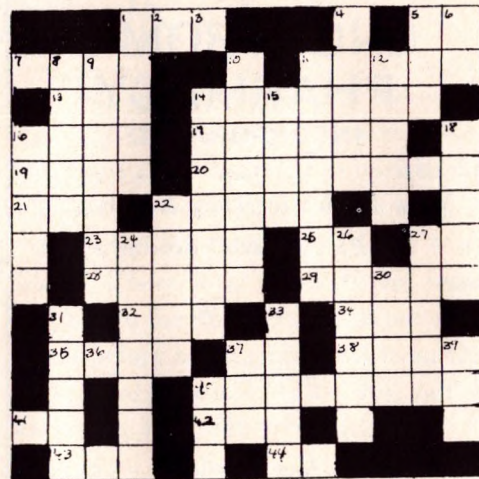
Personne ne répondit. Il entendit le bruit encore. Il regarda le sarcophage. Il vit une main momifiée qui en sortait. Il ne crut pas ses yeux. La momie dans le sarcophage était morte depuis 4,000 ans. Il n'était pas possible qu'elle vecut toujours. Il la regarda de nouveau.

Maintenant, la momie était toute exposée. Elle était très grande; plus d'un mètre et demi, et portait des bandeaux qui étaient déchirés et salis par le temps. Elle s'approcha de Lambre. Lambre visa son fusil et tira six balles sur le monstre, mais, il continua à s'approcher, Lambre ne put pas l'arrêter. Le monstre leva son bras et saisit Lambre. Celui-ci sentit les doigts de la momie lui enfoncer la gorge. Il lutta, mais, il ne put rien faire. Il poussa un cri aigu.

Le silence se fit. Il ouvrit ses yeux. "Ah! Que tu es bête!" se dit-il, "Ce n'était qu'un rêve!" Tout à coup, il entendit un bruit dans le sarcophage.

By Robert Graham, '68

French Crossword By Pamela Metzler, '68



Across

- 1 game
- 5 yours (f.s.)
- 7 slap
- 11 pages
- 13 pot
- 14 brawl
- 16 top
- 17 alarm
- 19 rough
- 20 lentil
- 21 because
- 22 health
- 23 avoir (imp. ind. 3p.s.)
- 25 neither
- 27 morning (Eng. abb.)
- 28 sun
- 29 truce
- 31 form of avoir
- 32 they
- 34 aller (3p.s.fut.)
- 35 vase
- 37 my (f.s.)
- 38 decorates
- 40 coronets (Eng.)
- 41 so
- 42 have (3p. pl.)
- 43 the (pl.)
- 44 and

Down

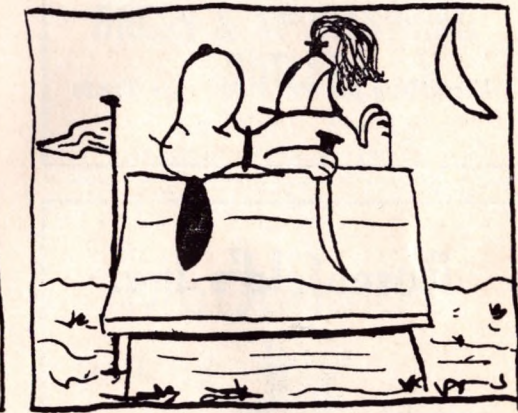
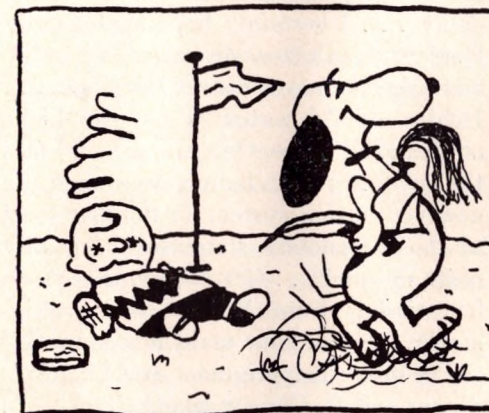
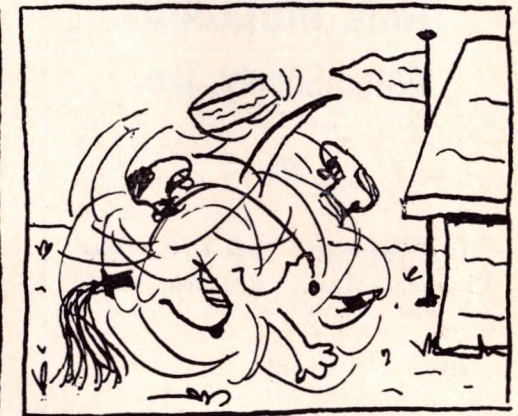
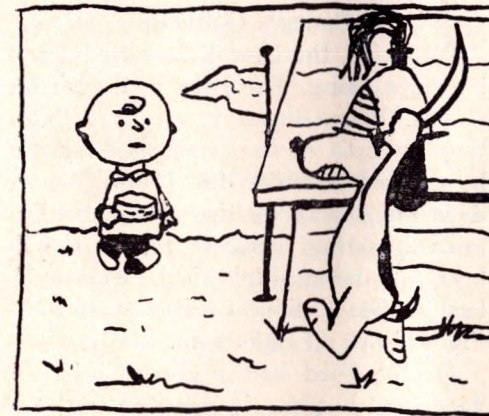
- 1 to throw (pres. 3p.s.)
- 4 among
- 5 tee (Eng.)
- 6 avoir (2p.s. pres.)
- 8 to Father (2 words)
- 9 pouvoir (2p.s. fut.)
- 10 slowed down (past part.)
- 11 to leave (3p.pl. pres.)
- 12 hail
- 14 to sweep (2p.s. pres. subj.)
- 15 glove
- 16 hatchet
- 18 woman
- 22 room
- 24 neighbors
- 26 aller (cond. 1p. pl.)
- 27 before
- 30 to wander (3p.s. pres.)
- 31 April
- 33 to leave (3p.s. pres. subj.)
- 37 my (f.s.)
- 39 east
- 40 neck

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FEATURES

Casey's Column

Well kids, the New Year sure is moving right along. The girls' mad rush for G.A.A. dance dates is all over. Now they have to sit back and wait for *that* boy to ask them to the Prom. Winter days are slowly melting away. Seniors are exhausting themselves (and the librarians) doing Maplewoods. Yes, much has happened since Christmas and the "Haps" are all right here.

Danny Ford had a good Christmas vacation, but he is reluctant to tell everyone about it . . . Anne Premerlani looked five pounds thinner at the G.A.A. dance . . . I certainly hope that Denny Healey wasn't too disturbed when he was asked to move his car last night . . . Debby should watch where she kicks off her good shoes. One can get cold feet that way . . . Hey, have you all seen the new ventilation system on the first level of the west lobby staircase—it's really quite unique! . . . Certain items seem to be missing from Walt Cook's refrigerator. Maybe your maid is a klepto!

For the proper etiquette at a Veteran's dinner Jeff P. Connor has the story . . . There's all kinds of talk going around that the Roul knows not one, but two Lindas! . . . Most everyone will agree that the juniors have the only fair solution to giving each girl a chance to be on the squad . . . And speaking of cheerleaders, that *Friendship* cheer at the St. Joe game was something else . . . Flynny has been known to have bad, or rather backward days lately . . . Jeff Cadorette had better be careful when walking through the Boys' Club with his bathing suit on . . . Seniors can now be classified as either accepto, regecto, or just non accepto . . .

Won't someone Puleeze tell those girls

that I will never identify myself and I can't possibly print a "good one" about myself. In the first place it's unethical, and besides, Casey can do no wrong. Don't get stuck in the mud.

Friends always,
Sean O'Casey

Famous Expressions

"Don't fire 'til you see the whites of their eyes." They might be sophomores walking home in the dark!

"Give me liberty or give me death!" Either I wear mini-skirts to school, or I don't come.

"Absence makes the heart grow stronger." Mr. McKenna and Miss Cummings will even invite you to detention for skipping.

"Two heads are better than one." Hey, come over to my house tonight and we'll do our Latin.

"Practice what you preach." But, Miss Cummings, the teachers smoke on the grounds.

"Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears!" This rally won't start until everyone is quiet.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." You mean our research papers are really due tomorrow?

"One gives nothing so liberally as advice." What would we do without our guidance department!

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow . . ." I have a French test, a trig test, and an oral topic, and tonight I'm going to get sick.

"Man prefers to believe what he prefers to be true." But I really deserve an "A".

"Don't give up the ship." It could have been worse, you could have gotten all F-3's instead of F-2's.

". . . But ask what you can do for your country." Looks like it's Vietnam next year!

Maybe these, too, will go down in history, or at least echo through the halls of P.H.S.

"*Au tableau noir, s'il vous plait*"—Miss Curtin

"*This is all true*"—Mr. Rodhouse

"*And now for my next victim*"—Miss Rhoades

"*What can I do for you, girls*"—Miss Cummings

"*Do you girls have something to do?*"—Mr. Reagan

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BOYS' SPORTS

Wrestling—Just a Matter of Time

By Mike O'Brien, '67

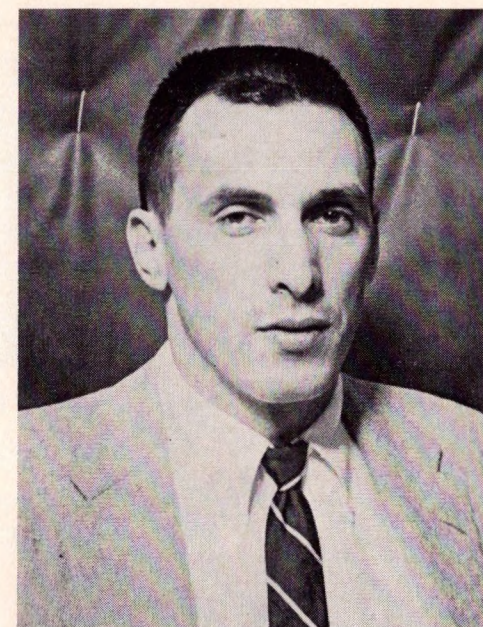
In the fall of his senior year at Williamstown High, the present Pittsfield High Wrestling Coach, George Sylvester, had a "heart to heart" talk with his dad, the famed Physical Education teacher at Williamstown High, Ted Sylvester. "Dad," Coach said, "I've decided that upon graduation, I want to enter the service, just like my older brothers." His father's reply was, "Like heck you are, you're going to Springfield College, and major in physical education, and become a teacher."

Obedient to his father's orders, the youngest of the six male Sylvesters went to Springfield and became highly interested in wrestling. In his junior year, he wrestled only once, in the 137-lb. class, pinned his opponent, and then was lost to the team the rest of the year because of an injury. Recovering from the mishap, Coach Sylvester then returned to the wrestling team only to find the competition much stiffer. However, he rose to the occasion, won himself a starting job, and went undefeated with a 5-0-1 record.

Upon graduating from Springfield in 1958, Sylvester finally entered the service, choosing the Marines. After serving three years and earning the rank of first lieutenant, he resigned from full-time duty and returned to Springfield for a year as freshman wrestling coach.

On 1962, Coach Sylvester became the director of physical education at Crosby Junior High, a position he held for two years.

The year 1964 brought George Sylvester to Pittsfield High, and almost imme-



diately rumors were spread of a wrestling team being started. During his first two years here, he started a wrestling club, in which any interested participants joined. Some of those who were members of this club entered into the Western Mass. Tournament, as well as the State Tournament.

Finally after two long and hopeful years, the Pittsfield School Committee granted a dream come true to Coach Sylvester. It was officially announced that wrestling was a full-fledged high school sport, and would compete in the Western Massachusetts Wrestling League. Not taking his duties lightly, the local phys. ed. teacher went right to work. "It takes a long time for a wrestler to develop; at least a full year," he said. "There's no time to waste."

With a group of highly inexperienced wrestlers one could not expect a winning season this year. But, give George Sylvester one year with a group of interested boys, and he will give you a team you can brag about.



**P.H.S. Hockey Coach Alias
Mr. Frank Blowe**

By Ronald Goldstein, 67

Joining the faculty in 1957, Mr. Frank Blowe began his association with Pittsfield High School as a Chemistry teacher. He is a graduate of the High School and played hockey here for three seasons. After his arrival, he began his coaching chores. Playing an independent schedule at first, his teams gradually developed, and in the past few years have been competing in the Western Massachusetts Hockey League. His greatest challenge in coaching at P.H.S. has been developing a team which could face schools which have long hockey traditions. This year has proven it could be done. Besides coaching hockey, Mr. Blowe serves as adviser to the Student Council. Students find him an easy person with whom to communicate and freely discuss their difficulties. He is alert to the many drawbacks in our present educa-

tional system and he is constantly seeking better methods. Students believe him to be one of the finest teachers and persons at P.H.S. In the classroom and on the hockey rink, he is strict, but kind; easy going, but demanding excellence. His students and players know that he expects everyone to try his best and they work hard to fulfill his hopes. The fellow members of the faculty attest to Mr. Blowe's many attributes.

As a hockey coach, he is rated by most as "pretty darned good." Having a thorough knowledge of the sport, he combines this with personal experience to shape his teams. Respected greatly by his players as a coach, teacher, and just plain human being, he is given 150% in every game played. Everyone on Coach Blowe's team has an equal opportunity to play. No favoritism looms, if you want and expect to play you have to work diligently. Coach tries to convey his knowhow to everyone. He preaches good sportsmanship, but he expects his players to fight hard for victory. Players see in him the key to success in athletic competition. He has the "competitive attitude." Through his help and understanding, his players hope to gain in experience. They have seen him suffer the agonies of defeat. Players have also seen the happy side when his team posts a well-earned victory.

A teacher, coach, friend and wonderful person are words which describe Mr. Frank Blowe. We at Pittsfield High School are happy to have this man helping us to mold our lives. In giving his whole self to our education we are greatly indebted to him. The students and teachers are proud to salute . . .

MR. FRANK BLOWE.



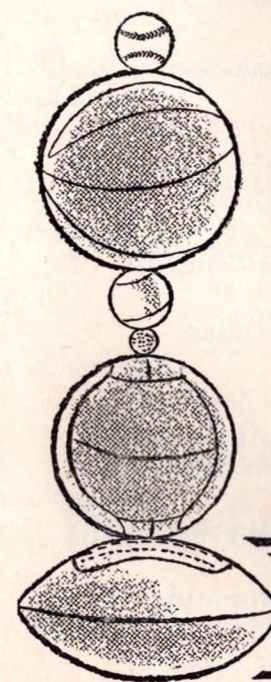
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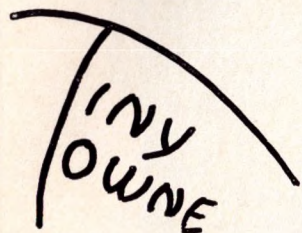
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Football

Tony Gibson
Dane Scace

Paul Germanowski
Wayne Ciepla

Soccer

Gene Kraay

Mark Samale

Bob Rosenbaum

Basketball

Craig Leslie

Gene Kraay

Walt Pictrowski

Hockey

Mike Caritey

Bob Fitzgerald

Tim Hannigan

Skiing

Jim Latimer

Jim Vandergrift

Tom Zancanato

Wrestling

Jim Whitefield

Bruce Pivaro

Dan Scace

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Donne Marchetto

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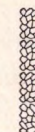
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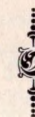
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SCHOOL NOTES

Recently a number of colleges instituted a system whereby students were given the opportunity of rating their teachers. It was hoped that such a procedure would cause the professors to give greater consideration to the manner in which they presented their subject. Assuming that a student performs to his greatest potential when he is carefully scrutinized by his instructors, it was hoped this also would be true for the teachers.

Would you approve of a system by which students would rate teachers at Pittsfield High School?

It would seem to me that this procedure of students grading their teachers is an excellent idea. The premise that a teacher would work to his highest potential when he is carefully being watched and having his performance graded has its merits, without question. (And, I would even venture to say that teachers would agree with me on this point.) However, as high-schoolers, many of us are hardly qualified to grade teachers. These people who lend us their learning have been through at least four years of college and have a degree saying that they are qualified to instruct—and grade. What qualifications do we, as high-schoolers present? Not as many as are necessary to grade someone. Certainly, collegians may be grading their instructors, possibly because they have the facilities and the mentality. But I do not think high school students, in general, have either of these qualities.

Shaun D. Harrington

In the first place, I do not believe there is any school in existence whose teachers are not subjected to some type of student rating, no matter how informal that may be. This is part of human nature. This question, however refers to a "system" of student rating of teachers and implies that it would be taken into consideration in the official evaluation of teachers.

On the surface this sounds like an ideal way to evaluate: those most exposed to the teacher should be most capable of judging effectiveness. In reality, however, actual experience with student rating appears to be more a function of rating personality than of rating effectiveness. Such results are due partially to the emotional immaturity of the student, regardless of his sincerity, and even more so, to the difficulty of assessing the effective teacher in a truly objective manner. Even administrators and supervisors find evaluation difficult. The difference between effectiveness and ineffectiveness of teachers is seemingly easy for either student or professional to judge, but rating the qualities of effectiveness makes the difficulty.

One of the most vivid memories I have of my own education is that very often those teachers whose methods I most deplored when I was subject to them are the teachers from whom I learned most, a discovery usually made only much later in life. I hate to think how I would have rated them when I was a student.

Even the colleges recognize the problem inherent in systems of student rating. Yale, for instance, asks only stu-

dents who are honor graduates to "rate" teachers and courses and then only upon graduation, recognizing that time helps one to a clearer perspective.

To say that a mature, serious college student might be capable of rating teachers does not suppose the same capacity exists in high school students.

Miss Guiltinan

Theoretically it might be a good idea. It wouldn't be the subject matter that was being graded, but rather how well he (the teacher) taught it to the students. I myself have been a student for twelve years, and I believe I know when I'm learning something. We more than anyone else have the capability of rating a teacher's effectiveness in transmitting knowledge. On a high school level however, it might not be a practical idea. Too much prejudice would be involved on both the part of the teacher and the students. Those who would honestly try to evaluate their teachers would be overshadowed by others who might base their answers on irrelevant grounds such as whether they like their teacher's personality or whether they find the subject interesting enough.

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